Mankind's Meat Supply—Making an Army to Order

The Cattle on a Thousand Hills

THE WORLD'S MEAT FUTURE. By A. W. Pearse. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Reviewed by JOSEPH F. GOULD.

Mr. Pearse is the editor of the *Pastoral Review*, which is published in Australia. He has visited most of the countries in which stock is raised for the market, and observed carefully. His opinions are therefore entitled to much consideration. They are expressed at the right time, for the world is beginning to wonder what it will have to eat.

Mr. Pearse does not believe that there will be a serious meat shortage. The war has decreased the number of consumers. Livestock will replace itself much more rapidly than the human race. The war has also influenced the diet of the world. There is less waste. Vegetables and fish are being eaten more.

A New Zealand Maori Shepherd Princess.

Mr. Pearse is rather conservative in mentioning new sources of meat supply. In his introduction there is a very brief reference to whale meat. In a brief note at the end of the book he speaks of venison, and particularly of the possibilities in reindeer meat.

Most of his attention is given to the cow and the sheep, which from time immemorial have furnished us with food and clothes. His record is a chronicle of changing conditions. The valiant cowboy and the lonely shepherd lad are things of the past. Except in new regions such as South America and Rhodesia the raising of cattle is becoming prosaic. It is a matter of science.

The extension of the industry has its romantic side. In parts of Africa barbed wire fences are impractical because herds of buffalo charge through them in their flight from beasts of prey. Cattle find very strange pastures nowadays even under the palms of Fiji. Sheep are herded by Maori princesses and the descendants of the Inca.

Modern industry is systematizing the art of slaughter. The Texas steer and cattle from the Argentine are killed under nearly the same conditions. The packing house is established on every continent. Frozen carcasses are shipped from the most exotic places. Upton Sinclair's jungle showed how polyglot Chicago had become. A new packing house romance would be even more cosmopolitan.

Mr. Pearse has the conservatism of the farmer to a marked degree. He believes that the labor parties in power in Australia are hamstringing the stock industry. He believes that legislation is much needed on its behalf.

Mr. Pearse's most valuable suggestions are as to improving stock. He believes the stock breeder's adage that breed counts for more than pasture. He recommends the short horn as the best basis on which to improve a herd in temperate countries. The zebu is valuable in warm climates because it is immune to ticks. He shows that this animal is being used with success in Africa, Australia, South America and the southern United States.

Mr. Pearse describes cattle raising in all parts of the globe. Even China and Japan are not neglected. As is natural he gives more space to Australia in proportion. Patagonia is another of his enthusiasms. His chapter on the United States is complete and up to date. Certain corners of the world receive scant notice, which reminds the reader of the celebrated chapter on snakes in Ireland. The sheep of Palestine are nondescript creatures, very different from the woolly little lambs on stained glass windows.

Paddock on a Fiji Island Estate.

A very startling fact about the book is the omission of the pig. This animal has been so intimately domesticated in Ireland that a host of Sinn Feiners will accuse the author of subtle British propaganda. The omission of pork is probably devoid of any such political significance, but porcine products cannot be overlooked in any study of the world's meat supply.

America Was Not Prepared

THE ARMY OF 1918. By Col. Robert R. McCormick. Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

Reviewed by H. L. PANGBORN.

Col. McCormick has done two things of importance in publishing this frank book: He has given one of the best analytical outline summaries of the various stages, the vital events, of the war from a military standpoint, that has as yet been written and, with this as a background, he presents facts, makes criticisms, and produces arguments as to the proper determination of the future military policy of the United States that should engage the attention of every citizen, and should have great weight with the Congress and the incoming Administration. Much of what he says will be unpalatable to many readers; he states his facts with unsparing directness and does not shrink from puncturing some popular notions. Some of his assertions will doubtless be questioned, but, he claims, unhesitatingly, "they are true, however, and controversy about them can only result in establishing their accuracy." The greater danger may be that their importance will be lost sight of, and that public understanding and opinion may remain indifferent.

Col. McCormick's conclusions are fully entitled to the most careful consideration. He is eminently qualified to expound, to criticise and to suggest. He has served as an officer in the Regular army, also in the National Guard and in the Reserve, and thus has studied, and been a part of, the army from these three variant angles. He is peculiarly well qualified to see the evils of the jealousies rivalry and lack of "team play" among these branches. His actual service included duty both as a line officer and as a member of General Pershing's staff. Moreover, before our entry into the war he made extensive tours of observation among the allied armies, on both fronts, as a guest of Field Marshall Joffre, of Sir John French, and the Grand Duke Nicholas. Also, when the National Guard was mobilized along the Mexican border, he was a Major in the 1st Illinois Regiment and took part in that singular adventure. In France he served as Major of Artillery in the 1st Division until after the battle of Cantigny, and, as a result of distinguished service there was promoted to a full Colonelcy. Beyond this military experience, he spent much of his youth in Vienna, St. Petersburg and Paris, where his father was American Ambassador, and is fully familiar with European life, its society, politics and general conditions. Few men are so comprehensively qualified to express an opinion upon our military affairs. And lastly, his ownership of the Chicago *Tribune* and his part in local and national affairs have given him access to sources of information denied to most writers.

His narrative of events, of the creation, mobilization, and transportation of the great American Army and its service in France in 1917 and 1918 is terse, forceful, and immensely suggestive. He gives full measure of credit where it was due, but does not hesitate to try to get the whole thing into better focus than that of the current popular notions. Space is lacking for even a summary of his detail, but one may confidently recommend the reader who is truly in search of truth to study his pages.

Two great conclusions stand out: First, that of all the armies engaged there were but two of the first rank, the French and the German, which were so evenly matched that victory rested with the French largely because of their better morale at home, behind the lines—all other aids to victory, even including the British Navy, our own forces, and American supplies being secondary to the primary fact of the supreme excellence of the French army. Secondly, that the United States as a whole is practically ignorant of the lessons of the war, and still worse, largely indifferent. It is here, in his final chapter, that Col. McCormick's book is of greatest value. Says he:

"We have finished another war in which our soldiers suffered unnecessary losses and hardships because of our failure to prepare, while the country at large has suffered almost nothing and the Congressmen and the President who failed to prepare for war have suffered not at all. . . . Congress cannot be expected to understand the subject. Our only hope lies in the formation of a sound doctrine which will be accepted by the public. . . . This is rendered difficult by the fact that few Americans saw more than one phase of the fighting in which an American army took part. The American Army in turn, saw only a small part of the war, and the greater part of the American Army was not engaged until the height of German power had passed."

He makes short work of the deeply ingrained notion that "every American is a born soldier" and the foolish assertion that "after three months our boys are better soldiers than the veterans of Germany." To this he replies:

"The fact is they were not. 'Our boys' did not fight in this war. Regiments of soldiers of a year or more training fought. Their efficiency varied in direct ratio to the length of their training. . . . 'Our boys' never fought well in any war. The civilian cannot endure the battle."

His obvious conclusion is that the only solution lies in universal military training, probably modelled upon that of the French. No one has ever given a better statement of that position.

New York's Bishop-Elect on Unity

THE CALL TO UNITY. By William T. Manning, Rector of Trinity Church, New York City. The Macmillan Company.

Reviewed by MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

Dr. Manning's book, made up of his Bedell lectures delivered at Kenyon College, May, 1920, must be set down as a light that falls of showing a practicable path to church unity. Whether or no there is such a path is assuredly debatable. Church unity *per se* appeals both to the Christian heart and the Christian understanding; but there are hills, even mountains of difficulty, in the way of its achievement. Human nature is the chiefest of them. Folk are, to quote the keenest among lay observers of things churchly, "born Baptist-minded" and as many otherwise minded as there are divisions of faith, practice and creed. Witness the two rural ministers who have but just ended a debate four months long, on the subject of infant baptism. In larger issues, witness Ulster against Galway, where differences of creed are developing toward yet deeper tragedy the most piteous happenings of our time.

Dr. Manning is scholarly, adroit, a very special pleader for his view of the truth and the light, but far, very far, from convincing, even to an impartial reader who finds in the Episcopal service so much of comforting beauty, so strong a leading to reverence for God in his world, as to feel it a benediction. Trinity's rector shows a vast ingenuity, a wide acquaintance with authority in his deliverances. He brings a cloud of witnesses—primates, princes, pundits ancient and modern, travellers, philosophers, men of all faiths or of none, to buttress his view.

Church division hinders the spread of the gospel, in Christian lands, no less than heathen. That is a truism needing no proof, so it is rather heartbreaking to find that the way to unity under Manning guidance is for evangelical ministers to get themselves reordained by a laying on of apostolic hands, so that they may henceforth be free of Episcopal pulpits, and more authoritative in their own.

If the Rev. Dr. Manning speaks "by the card" for his communion small wonder that the latest effort toward unity died ingloriously. All the Lambeth conferences in the world will not make big, vital, growing religious organizations take orders and ordinations at the hands of another organization.

Here are some of the more striking sentences from Dr. Manning's book:

"The reunion of the church in this twentieth century would be not one whit more wonderful, or surprising, than was the appearance of the church in the first century."

"We may feel, and with good reason, the importance and spiritual value of an orderly and beautiful ceremonial of worship. But worship just as real may be offered in the tent of a travelling evangelist as in the noblest cathedral."

This last utterance indicates an appreciation of the value of other organizations besides the author's own. His purpose undoubtedly is good. Dr. Manning is supereminent in his church, a great pastor, a great executive, a superb dialectician; in the pulpit he may be a living voice—but his printed word gives little earnest of such quality. To the lay mind real unity must come—if ever—through an outpouring of the divine spirit, strong enough, warm enough, to fructify every spiritual desert, and make it blossom into love for God and man. So it shall be concerned with deeds rather than creeds. And the representative of one church in advocating unity to others will not suggest as a basis for brotherhood that they yield on the chief point at issue!

An Opera Company On the Amazon

BLACK GOLD. By L. E. Elliott. The Macmillan Company.

Reviewed by WILLIS STEELL.

What became of Francina?

Francina was not the heroine of this book, but the leading lady and very near to her sister, Margarita, who was the heroine. Francina, though, was startlingly beautiful, and Margarita, while beautiful, did not startle. They were the daughters of a delightful Cornishman by a Portuguese wife, and Francina, who craved diamonds and pearls and other evidences of worldly luxury, went contrary to her nature (or did she?) when she married a "near" tenor, Salvatore, and persuaded her younger sister to accompany them and a scratch opera company to Brazil.

On board was a clean, fair young Englishman, John Ware, who fell in love at once with Margarita and whose love was reciprocated by her. Therefore the story, as it proceeded in Para, Manaos and along the Amazon, bade fair to be very simple. That it wasn't was due to Francina, her flirtations with Don Evaristo, the Deputy Governor; the whims of Salvatore and the flightinesses usually ending in actual flight of the ladies of the opera. "Black Gold" is, indeed, a complicated story of many characters and interlinked plots. It is not, for all these, difficult reading—quite the contrary.

For the author, who has published two books before this one, is a discovery. She is a natural story writer in spite of the fact that the other two books are books of travel. So in a sense, the best sense, is "Black Gold." In it the author has accomplished the well nigh impossible task of writing a good story and a travel book at the same time. The pages describing Margarita's search through the Amazonian forest for her lover are very telling and even beautiful, and the pages which follow of their flight in the *bote* to Para down the Amazon make a true prose poem.

But this traveller-novelist leaves a big void in the reader's heart by ruthlessly omitting to say what becomes of Francina. Besides being startlingly beautiful, she is clever and one cannot believe that she is heartless, notwithstanding her acceptance of a string of gorgeous diamonds. Does Don Evaristo give them to her or does she accept them as a bribe from the politicians who wish her to lure him away to Paris? Francina simply disappears from the scene without leaving a clue to explain her conduct.

Perhaps if the author had written more books of romance than she did of travel she would recognize and satisfy her readers who long to know what became of Francina. Even with this gross omission, the story is delightful and unusual.

Be Happy by Not Trying Too Hard

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS. By Edmond Holmes. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Reviewed by HELEN AVERIL.

An alluring title this—naming the deep desire of all the world, claiming it as a secret, and presumably offering to discover it. The great appeal of what is called the new thought in religion (probably because Plato is new to most of its students) is that it makes the same offer. But most of the literature put forth under the protection of the new thinkers is either of the saccharine type (a kind of lollypop with which to divert the pangs of intellectual hunger) or so openly panders to the great god Worldly Success as to lead one to suspect that its worshippers are not only trying to serve both God and Mammon, but that they are actually designing to make God serve Mammon.

Of no such calibre is this new book with the old title, whose text might be Emerson's eternal antithesis: "truth or repose—take which you will, you cannot have both." It is "the history of the human soul and its relation to divinity—the only history worth any man's pursuit," to quote Hugh Walpole in a recent novel. The conclusions of the author may be summed up in three words, "Happiness is growth," but it would be manifestly unfair both to the argument and the author to let it go at that, for in his explication of his thesis lies much that is stimulating, provocative of thought and enriching to human life. This is none the less true, despite the fact that in spinning out the essential threads which go to make up the fabric of human happiness the author finds in their final tenuity a paradox before which he confesses himself defeated. On the last of his 360 pages he sums up his endeavors thus: "I have been trying to discover the secret of happiness. I have assumed that happiness is definable as a sense of well being. My meditations have convinced me that the way to well being is the way of soul growth, that the way of soul growth is the way of full surrender, since in the court of growth self has again and again been outgrown and left behind; that complete loss of self is therefore the perfection of well being, and that the sense of such well being is perfect happiness. . . . But," he asks himself, "when one has reached a spiritual well being which reaches to oneness with the infinite has not well being been carried so far that it has transcended itself? When a man has lost himself in love of God will not the ideas of well being and happiness have retired of their own account into the background?"

This final agnosticism would be hopelessly depressing were the author himself no wiser than his conclusions. But he is of that gallant company to whom life is a perpetual challenge, who prefer intellectually to "journey hopefully" rather than to arrive. "In the sphere of belief," he says, "the cult of finality is the chief cause of arrested mental and moral growth. . . . No lesson is so hard to learn as that of renouncing the desire for finality. No lesson, when learned, so richly rewards the learner. For it gives him the greatest of all rewards, of allowing him to approach truth eternally without ever reaching it. In doing this it keeps in constant motion the current of intuitional activity which is ever setting from the dark recess of his buried self toward his more conscious life. . . . The truth of things, which is another name for the inner reality of things, is in each of us, and it will gradually invade us and enfold us and possess us if we will but give up our vain dream of possessing it. . . . A great faith can coexist with this seemingly agnostic attitude. A great faith and a great faith alone can make it possible. . . . 'I had but little faith,' says he whose optimism binds him to silence, 'if I could say what I believe and why I believed it.'"

There is something spiritually fortifying even in this uncertain attitude of the thinker who finds himself continually through his own honest mental efforts confronted by a paradox which seems for the time to oppose a barrier to his thoughts "which they can neither face nor turn. They must therefore be content to accept defeat." Perhaps even accepting defeat may have its own reward. "Well, what of it?" the defeated me may ask and plunge ahead, knowing that the only thing for man to do is to refuse to lie supine on the incertitude of things, but "tough mindedly," as William James says, to believe that *because* of their very incertitude he is bound to treat a paradox as a fair hypothesis at least.

Brother Lawrence, the Carmelite monk of the seventeenth century, liberated his soul from the haunting fear of being damned my saying to himself, "Whatever becomes of me, whether I be lost or saved, I will always continue to act purely for the love of God. And therefore," he testifies, "I passed my life in perfect liberty and perfect joy."

"No man," says our thinker, "can be at peace about God who is taking part in the scramble for the possession of him. And only those who are at peace about God have attained to spiritual well being. . . . If the scramble for material possessions demoralizes all who take part in it, what word will describe the deadening influence of the scramble for 'salvation' which goes on in the name of religion?"

When the old Puritans could answer "Yes" to the question, "Are you willing to be damned for the glory of God?" they had some sense of the truth of the paradox (with which the book closes) that "the more completely a man loses himself, the more completely will he be possessed by God, and to be possessed by God is to be saved, in a sense which goes far beyond all that we have ever meant, or could ever mean, by salvation."

The greatest paradox and epigram ever spoken was Christ's: "He that loseth his life shall find it."

Return

By MARY SIEGRIST.

I WILL go back unto myself again—
Back to the great, immortal meaning of it all;
Back to the surge and storm; back to the tides of life.
I will await with joy the cleansing flood
Of the unlocked gates of being.
Such journeying
Will lead me to the shores of other selves,
Out where the pains and pities buried lie—
Out where men die for want of broken bread
And the poured wine of human sympathy;
Or, deeper death, go dying, still in life.

I will go back unto myself again.
I will be one with life's great lovers; I will be
One with its splendid haters; I will be
One with the beauty of uncovered things.
I will not smile and say, "All's good,"
Looking at life shot through with misery,
Only to turn aside impatiently.
Back to the heartbreak and the pain
That touch these other lives toward which I strive—
I will go back and live with these again.
I will go out upon the highway of my kind.
My great tramp kinsmen, I would know
The roads that call to them—the wayside flowers,
The touch of comrade hands.
If I would speak their tongue I must go back
And find again the old road to the hills.

The Book Horizon

THE SKYLINE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By L. W. Smith and E. V. Hathaway. D. Appleton & Co.

This brief history of our literature from Beowulf to the present time is remarkable in that in a short two hundred pages the names and the work of writers are compassed in a way sure to make an indelible impression on the reader, while the genius of our tongue receives adequate expression. The aim of the authors has been reached; it is to present "the writers whom we are likely to meet in the talk of polite society, and acquaintance with them is not only an intellectual and literary but also a social obligation."

The "Skyline" is perfected by a glossary of famous books and a chronology of authors from Chaucer to Kipling.